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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Guilielmus Rex.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day,
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low!
All this they saw, or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest, with all their pomps and trains,
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Anecdotes of Washington.

HIS MODESTY.

When General Washington had closed his career in the French and Indian war, and had become a member of the House of Burgesses, the Speaker, Mr. Robinson, was directed by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to his order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged this duty with great dignity; but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled, for a second; when the Speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address, that would have done honor to Louis XIV, in his proudest, and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

HIS CIVILITY.

In the town of—, in Connecticut, where the roads were extremely rough, Washington was overtaken by night, on Saturday, not being able to reach the village where he designed to rest on the Sabbath. Next morning, about sunrise, his coach was harnessed, and he was proceeding forward to an inn, near the place of worship, which he proposed to attend. A plain man, who was informing officer, came from a cottage, and inquired of the coachman whether there was any urgent reason for his traveling on the Lord's day. The general, instead of resenting this as an impertinent rudeness, ordered the coachman to stop, and with great civility explained the circumstances to the officer, commending him for his fidelity; and assured him that nothing was farther from his intention, than to treat with disrespect the laws and usages of Connecticut, relative to the Sabbath, which met with his most cordial approbation.

HIS PUNCTUALITY.

Washington accomplished the most of his great work with apparent ease, by a rigid observance of punctuality. It is known that whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve. His dining hour was four, when he always sat down to his table, only allowing five minutes for the variation of timepieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of Congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over, and he would remark, "Gentleman, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South Church clock was striking eight, he was crossing his saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in Tremont Street, after his departure; and it was not until the President had reached Charles River Bridge, where he stopped a few minutes, that the troops overtook him. On passing the corps, the

President with perfect good nature said: "Major—, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock."

The following anecdote was related by Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States. He had purchased a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the President, who he knew was an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The captain, thinking the hour was too early for so great a man to be stirring, did not arrive at the stable until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease was much mortified, and called on Major Jackson, the Secretary, to apologize for his delay, and to request the President to appoint some new time; and he added that he found the President's time was wholly occupied for several days, and that he was compelled to stay a week in Philadelphia before the examination took place, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

HIS FEARLESSNESS.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps a day or two previous to the Battle of Brandy wine, was the hero of a very singular accident, which he thus describes in a letter to a friend. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the overruling hand of Providence in the directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a huzzar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkable high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near by and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The huzzar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us; upon which I advanced from the woods towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped but after looking at me proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him, but he slowly cantered away. By quick firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in, or about him, before he was out of my reach. I had only to determine: but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was coolly acquitting himself of his duty; so I let him alone.

"The next day the surgeon told me that the wounded rebel officers informed him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted as I have described. I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

HIS MERCY AND TENDERNES.

It is now settled as a fact beyond dispute, that General Gates was connected with General Lee in a conspiracy to supersede the illustrious Washington. The commander-in-chief was well aware of the means they used to deprive him of the affections of the army, and the confidence of the people. How he sought revenge, is shown in the following anecdote:

"I found Gen. Gates traversing the apartment under the influence of high excitement. High agitation was excessive—every feature of his countenance, every gesture, betrayed it. He had been charged with unskillful management at the battle of Camden and he had just received official dispatches, informing him that the command was transferred to General Greene.

His countenance betrayed no resentment, however; it was sensibility alone that caused his emotion. He held an open letter in his hand, which he often raised to his lips, and kissed with devotion, while he repeatedly exclaimed—'Great man! Noble, generous procedure.' When the tumult of his mind had a little subsided, with strong expressions of feeling he said, 'I have this day

received a communication from the commander-in-chief, which has conveyed more consolation to my bosom, more ineffable delight to my heart, than I believed it possible for it ever to have felt again. With affectionate tenderness, he sympathizes with me in my domestic misfortunes, and concedes with me on the loss I have sustained in the recent death of my only son; and then with peculiar delicacy, lamenting my misfortune in battle, assures me that his confidence in my zeal and capacity is so little impaired, that the command of the right wing of the army will be bestowed on me, as soon as I can make it convenient to join him."

HIS LOYALTY TO FRIENDS.

Washington entertained a very deep respect and friendship for Gen. Knox, and always kept him near his own person. After the defeat of the Gates army, at Camden, Gen. Greene was offered the arduous command of the southern

department. The quaker general, with his usual odd style, replied, "Knox is the man for that difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite." "True," answered Gen. Washington, "and therefore I can not part with him."



MR. LARSON AND A GROUP OF HIS INDIAN DEAF-MUTE PUPILS.

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HIS RELIGIOUS DEVOTION.

While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion (there observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of the village. In a morning of the previous week, the general, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the Rev. Dr. Jones, the pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries thus accosted him: "Doctor I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?" The doctor rejoined: "Most certainly: ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name." The general replied, "I am glad of it: that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." The doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the general was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

HIS APPRECIATION OF MEN.

Shortly after his election to the Presidency of the United States, General Washington, his lady, and Secretary, Major Jackson, on their way from the seat of government to Mount Vernon, stopped for the night at Chester. The President had scarcely arrived, and expressed

love, he says: "I began life as a boy on a prairie farm in Wisconsin. I studied with diligence and patience at school, and afterwards energetically and determinedly at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., graduating in 1882 with the degree of B. A. After leaving college, I labored with good success as a lecturer and teacher among the deaf in various parts of the Union, and in 1884, I went to New Mexico, resolved to establish an institution for the education of the deaf and blind."

HIS PERSON.

The person of Washington was unusually tall, erect, and well proportioned. His muscular strength was very great. His features were of a beautiful symmetry. He commanded respect without any appearance of haughtiness, and was ever serious without being sullen or dull. "It is natural," says Dr. Thacher, "to view with attention the countenance of an illustrious man, with a secret hope of discovering in his features some peculiar trace of the excellence which distinguishes him from and elevates him above his fellow mortals. These expectations are realized in a peculiar manner, in viewing the person of George Washington. His tall and noble stature and just proportions; his fine, cheerful, open countenance, simple and modest deportment, are all calculated to interest every beholder in his favor, and to command veneration and respect. He is feared even while silent, and beloved even while we are unconscious of the motive."—From Robert W. Lincoln's "Lives of the Presidents."

To remove kerosene from paper, cover the spots of kerosene with fuller's earth or French chalk. By holding a piece of blotting paper over and putting a warm iron on the outside of the paper, you may be able to absorb a part of the grease into the chalk.

A bridge of 900-foot span at Budapest, is being erected entirely by means of electrical machinery.

Fresh blood is one of the ingredients of a new food for stock, which is being manufactured in German factories.

HELPING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE EXCELLENT WORK LARS M. LARSON IS DOING AMONG THE WHITES AND INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

Fourteen years ago, Lars M. Larson, founder and superintendent of the New Mexico School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, went to New Mexico to carry light and fuller life to the afflicted ones who were shut out from the advantages enjoyed by the more happily born. Born in 1856, of sturdy Norwegian parents, in Jefferson, Wisconsin, Mr. Larson is now in the prime of his manhood. When only eighteen months old, he lost his hearing, which ultimately proved a spur rather than an obstacle to his advancement. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the Delavan School for the Deaf, from which he was graduated with high honors in 1872. Speaking of his education and early

and sent to our school five deaf-mutes and one blind boy. When those children came to us, they were ill-tempered, dirty, and ignorant; now they are a clean, pleasant, happy set of boys. Their capacity for learning equals that of white youths, and they are glad of an opportunity to receive a good education."

The secret of Mr. Larson's great success lies in his indomitable perseverance, and love for his work. He does not wait for things to "turn up," but goes vigorously to work and assists in the turning-up process.—Success.

What Happened to "Shaver."

"Shaver" is not the real name of the person who is the hero of this story (or rather the hoodoo), but it will do all the same.

It was a beautiful winter day and "Shaver" said to himself that he'd attend the Guild of Silent Workers on Thursday evening for sure.

He had so often absented himself from its meetings, that the other members were beginning to think he was the only real silent worker.

But that Thursday morning a customer happened into "Shaver's" office and wanted some business cards printed about the size of a postal card. Now, "Shaver" was of a humorous turn of mind, and he absently picked up the wrong postal card to show as a sample size of card. After the customer had departed the old postal card remained on the counter. Another gentleman who rents the back part of Smith's store came in and picked up the postal card, and called "Shaver's" attention to it, saying that the postman must have just gone. Sure, there was "Shaver's" name on the front and he read it hastily. It told of a committee calling on him that evening to make statement and pay a bill owing "Shaver." "Shaver" tore his hair out by the roots, kicked the office cat, upset the benzine can and nearly set the place on fire, 'cause his little plan for the evening was spoiled. After he cooled down he set about looking over his books for some unpaid committee bill. He thought of the various committees of the Elect Surds, Guild, Xavier Club, Union League, etc., etc., until his head was in a whirl, but could not connect the names of committeemen on the postal and those of the various clubs, and his books failed to show any bill outstanding. But he resigned himself to fate, and felt tickled, lest he'd have an old bill paid for twice.

That Thursday evening the Guild met and "Shaver's" office was brilliantly lighted in expectation of the committeemen, who'd be there without fail, 8 to 9 P. M. Three of "Shaver's" friends chanced to drop in and found "Shaver" very nervous and fidgety.

At last "Shaver" could keep his "secret" no longer. He told us of how he had planned and planned to attend the Guild meeting, but a postal—he could get no further, as the topic changed to bicycling and reduction and addition to weight.

Just then "Shaver" began, it being then 9 P. M., to hunt up the postal, hinting at some trick, sane or otherwise, on the part of the committee. He found it and passed it around. One of us put on spectacles and said, "This postal's dated January 4th, 1898. Postmark same date." "Shaver" took the card and turned white as a sheet. Some sheets are yellow, but "Shaver" did not look to be suffering from liver trouble.

Well, if you had seen "Shaver" break all his New Year Resolutions in the next five minutes. The joke was on him one and all ways, and it cost him the breaking of a five at Hogan's around the corner.

The fact that that very same card was the one "Shaver" had showed a customer as a sample size card never entered into "Shaver's" head, and it cost him a lot of needless worry, a lot of lost time, and the Guild meeting lacked a quorum on his account, somebody got some of his money at his expense, and he kicked himself for his negligence.

[MORAL—"Shaver" always look

at your dates—never expect a bill paid for twice—when committees make statement and pay bill, tear up all postals relating thereto.

STATE OF OREGON.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Redman have returned from a journey to Independence and Salem. They have taken up their residence three miles across the Willamette River. A surprise party was tendered them and the following mutes were present: Misses F. Brown, M. M. Murton, Julia Iverson, Edith Jones, Cora Wade, Rose Prager, J. Ben-nick, Ella Trestle and Mrs. Wm. Scott, Messrs. A. Litterland, Joseph, Jorg, Frank Raffeth, F. Rosander, Oliver Bowman, Wm. Scott and Edwin J. Page. A very enjoyable time was had.

Mr. Arthur M. Walker, with his young deaf brother is visiting in Portland. He was one of the pupils of the Salem School way back in the seventies, Arthur recently presented Mr. Robert Turner with a nineteen-pound turkey, to celebrate the arrival of a girl baby shortly before Christmas. It was christened Ruby Eugina Turner.

Prof. C. Wentz, of Portland, recently made a trip to San Francisco, Cal., on business. On his return he was given a Christmas present of a handsome rocking chair. Prof. Wentz is highly respected by all the mutes in Portland.

Robert Atkins, a deaf-mute, 24 years old, was struck by a train of the Sumpter Valley Railroad, while walking on the tracks, and his left leg was so badly crushed that it may have to be amputated.

Mrs. B. Wildfang, a deaf widow of Ballard, Wash., where she has resided since she graduated from the Wisconsin School, makes mention in a letter of Emil Weller a mute of Chicago, who sojourned there some time ago.

RUN DOWNS BY AN ENGINE.

CHEHALIS, Jan. 10.—About a mile west of Francis, on the Chehalis & South Bend branch, a deaf man named Rogers, was run over by an extra engine Sunday. Rogers was walking toward the engine when the accident occurred, and the trainmen thought he would step aside when the engine approached close to him. It seems, however, that he neither heard nor saw the engine. All the ribs on his left side were broken, his hip crushed, an arm cut off and other wise lacerated. There are no hopes for his recovery. Rogers was a man of family and worked about the shingle mills at Francis.

Superintendent Knight, of the Oregon School for the Deaf, recommends in his biennial reports, that provision be made for oral classes and increased industrial education. The question of consolidating the deaf and the blind in one school, has received much opposition and has reached no definite conclusion.

EDWIN J. PAGE.

A BUTTON COLLECTION.

A New York lady's pet hobby is a marvelous collection of all sorts and sizes of buttons. Some of the enamel miniature painted ones are veritable works of art, while paste and precious metals worked in various ways supply other fascinating specimens. The greatest rarities are two Chinese official buttons, which in reality are decorations, and buttons from off garments known to have been worn by Marat, Robespierre, Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Washington, Nelson, Byron, Defoe, George II., George III., Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck, Irving, Garfield, and numerous other celebrities of both sexes. The collection numbers some ten thousand specimens.

A Princess' Post Cards.

The Duchess of York has one of the most interesting collections, of postcards on records. It has been contributed to by the sovereigns of every land where post-cards are used, the German relatives of Her Royal Highness supplying by far the greater number, many of which are very picturesque and artistic. Postcard albums are for the moment outsting both stamp and autograph albums from favor, and have the advantage in both respects, inasmuch as they supply the stamp of various nationalities as well the autograph of some friend or distinguished individual, and, furthermore, a dainty bit of scenery.

NEW YORK.

A Few Words About the Man's White Burden.

MR. KORNGOLD'S MISSION.

This and That.

Theo. L. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 50th Street, New York City.

When I what a pretty snow storm this is. Pretty is the word, for indeed it is so pleasing to the eyes; the snow is so white, and so pure until it reaches the earth. What a train of thought is started by viewing the broad expanse of rugged whiteness. We go back to the days when nothing seemed serious to us; when, as winter approached, our eager anticipation was for the first glimpse of snow flakes. We get it now and then and enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content in sleigh-riding and sliding down hill. As years roll on and we begin to look upon things earthly in the sober thoughts of our fathers, there is quite a different aspect to things. The snow that was so welcome, is not at all quite glad some in our hearts. Business becomes paralyzed, street traffic is blocked, and the source of income that goes to the support of our family is cut off. And while our young ones are but too happy to scamper off and roll in the snow, build snow forts and snow men and throw an occasional wetted-hard snow ball at some unsuspecting elderly gentleman, life has now for us the seriousness that we saw not in our younger days.

With such a fall of snow as the last few days, amounting to much over a foot, New York City is about as good as an African desert; few being unable to get to work and many as reached their shops having to foot it home at the close of day. Conditions in the city are different from what they are in the country, where a heavy snow fall is a usual and expected thing. In this city the working people, living on an average of five miles from their business places—some within a few blocks, others a couple of miles, many more eight miles, and still many twelve or fifteen, and then some live twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty and more miles away from work, and a storm—a blizzard, as it is—works more mischief than can be imagined. The thousands unable to get to work cause woe to the heads of their firms, orders are lost or cancelled, and in a few days the big storm has, as if by magic, upset the regular course of millions of dollars in its regular curriculum. The small business man whose expenses must be covered for every day in the month suffers for want of customers, and if he cannot make up for it in the next few days or has not a surplus fund to draw upon, he is ruined. The large department stores have a thousand employees to pay, and the storm keeps away customers, entailing a daily loss of a thousand or so dollars for each big store per day.

As I sit with my feet on the cylindrical office stove, all these things come before me as in a picture. Without there is a big snow drift, cleared away many times, only to pile up again. An empty trolley car is in front. It has been there for hours, and there are many more all along the street, for they can't move. It is the same on almost all the other streets, the cable cars faring but a trifle better and the elevated road able to run at reduced intervals. Few trains leave the city on the big roads, and the ferry boats have great difficulty in crossing the rivers.

The likes of it have been seen but once before, and that was in 1888, just a month less than eleven years ago, but from present indications the storm seems bent on yet spending its fury, and before it abates, February 13, 1899, will have gone on record as the greatest blizzard in the history of the East—at least in the extent of its area and duration.

The League of Elect Surds took possession of their new rooms Saturday evening. The chairs had not arrived, but the carpet was laid, the tables there and the steam heat and gas turned on, and those members who turned up seemed well satisfied with their quarters, at least for a beginning. The neighborhood is a lively shopping district, and the place easily reached for a single fare, and it is believed that it will prove a new lease of life to the club, which for the past two or three years seemed utterly lacking in interest on the part of members. Rehearsals will commence this week for the theatrical entertainment, the title of the play of which is "The Tangled Carrs," which is bound to prove a rip-roaring success, being a farce-comedy of the "laughingest" kind.

I was rudely awakened from my slumbers early Sunday morning. It was early considering the number of hours I had been about dinner time. There were no burglars, but merely a friend in the person of

Mr. Korngold, who had dropped in to demand an explanation from the reporter. As I slipped into my shoes after receiving his card, I began to tremble, for this was not the first time, I had been called to account for daring to tell the truth. I did not think I would be cowed, but I prepared for it by putting on my sweater and an old press blanket behind where I buckle my trousers, and incidentally took a sip of H. B. Kirk's Nerve Tonic to nerve me for the ordeal. Although, as I subsequently discovered, all the above preparations were entirely unnecessary, still, my friend Mr. Korngold has just cause for complaint, and I forgive him now, cheerfully and absolutely. As he related it to me: Mr. Korngold is not the Sergeant-at-Arms of the one day out of 365 organization. (By way of explanation, Mr. Korngold means by the "1 out of 365" org., the M. L. A., which sleeps 364 days, and on the 365th, or rather to be precise, the 344th, which is the 10th of December, comes into existence with some public function and then goes into oblivion again for 365 days.)

Cheerfully contradict myself in Mr. Korngold's favor, and remove the mantle of sovereignty in preserving the decorum of the M. L. A., from Korngold's crown and place, to where it belongs, on M. Schoenfeld, a gentleman of estimable character, who, by the way, was my informant as to the list of officers of the M. L. A., and I thought his name was Korngold. I hope all is square now, and I must not forget to apologize by saying, by request, that M. Korngold is not a member of the M. L. A. Please remember this, that I may not again be disturbed in my slumbers.

The "Silent Five" Basket ball team journeyed to Newburgh on the evening of the 7th, and played the 10th Separate Co. team of that town. The final score was 10 to 4 in favor of the home team. The deaf-mutes were entertained by the home team after the game, and they remained in the town to take in the sights the next day.

This Thursday evening they play at Clarendon Hall, the next day, the 17th, in Williamsburg, and on the 18th, they meet Westchester Co. Wheelmen team at Mt. Vernon.

Gioda Gaetano, the Italian sculptor, arrived on the steamship St. Louis Sunday, after an absence of several months in London, Rome and Paris, and says New York leads in the world in his special line.

Mrs. Henry Batailley, of Brooklyn, died on Wednesday, Feb. 8th, from dropsy, in a De Salle Hospital in this city, and after the funeral rites, her remains were taken to Fresh Pond, L. I., for cremation.

Mrs. Mary V. Eglau, wife of Prof. Max Eglau, the artist murdered in the Lexington Avenue School three years ago, died last Saturday.

Rev. J. M. Koehler's services in Brooklyn and this city Sunday were very solemnly attended, owing to the severe snow storm.

The National Convention.

The Rev. J. H. Cloud, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf, has announced that the next Convention will be held in St. Paul, Minnesota, this coming summer.

We in Minnesota wish to say that we will exert our best energies toward making the stay of visiting delegates both pleasant and profitable. We one and all stand ready to render what assistance we may. We want our Eastern friends to feel that they will be heartily welcomed and we want them to come in crowds.

In Convention assembled we will listen attentively to the sayings of the wise men from the East. We will profit by them, and the grave matters of the convention will be discussed with due deliberation.

When it behooves us to be merry we will provide the music and the good cheer, and will endeavor to make one and all enjoy themselves as their temperaments and inclinations dictate.

If Virginia is famous for her hospitality, we hope to show our visitors that Minnesota deserves to be so. Come one, come all, the more the merrier.

JAY COOKE HOWARD,
President Minnesota Ass'n.

DIED.

Mrs. Louisa Batailley, of Brooklyn, died at the French Hospital in New York, of heart failure and dropsy, at the age of 57 years, and was cremated at Lutheran Cemetery, L. I. She came to this country with her husband, who is also a deaf-mute, and a son, from Paris, France, just fifteen years ago, and ever since their arrival, Mr. Batailley has been employed at the Richard Hoe & Co., machinists, in New York. They have entertained many of the deaf-mutes, of this city and New York, for years, and Mr. Batailley and son have our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. Batailley and son contemplate going back to Paris, France, during the Exposition in 1900, and may never to return.

Slanderers cannot buzz long without biting.

STATE OF OHIO.

A Cold Time in Columbus.

AN IMPOSTOR CAGED.

Other Items of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The topic of the week has been cold talk. Every one, big, little fat, lean, white, black, or whoever inhabits this section, has indulged in the discussion and the conclusion reached that there is no necessity for one to go to Klondike for a sniff of it—i.e., cold. Of course we have reference to the weather, which has been a very fruitful subject this week, not only here but everywhere this side of the Rockies. Its severity has not been known for twenty-five years. True there have been snaps nearly equal to it, but they were of short duration and hardly felt. But the continuance and severity of this spell for nearly a week, has set every one talking about it. As far as the institution is concerned, there was little inconvenience felt from the cold, though it required more than the usual pressure of steam, and it was fortunate that the changing of the heating system had been completed before the cold spell came on. Some of the non-resident lady teachers did not care to face the blizzard weather in going home at noon for dinner, and so brought their lunches with them. But the backbone of the spell is broken this morning, and let us hope it will be a long time before we shall again experience such a freeze.

Thursday afternoon Superintendent Jones surprised every one by his unexpected return from his eastern trip. He reports his visit as a very pleasant one, and was cordially received and given full latitude at every school visited, and as a result comes back chuck-full of new ideas regarding the educating of the deaf. Friday afternoon the schools were dismissed at three thirty o'clock, and the teachers given a very interesting talk concerning Superintendent Jones' visit, and what he had seen at each school, the method or systems employed in the teaching of the deaf and also the industrial training given pupils. He was particularly impressed with the company drill at Fanwood, and thought it a good idea.

The *Evening Press* had the following item the other day:

Frank Bentz was sent to the workhouse for thirty days in Police court Saturday, on a charge of vagrancy, preferred by Detective Sergeant Wolfe. Bentz was arrested on a suspicion charge two days ago. The arresting officers suspected that he had a hand in a small robbery on North Front Street, at the residence of John Commins, No. 305 1-2. He has been masquerading now as a blind man, there as a deaf-mute and begging alms from passers-by and housewives whom he has visited in his various chaunted change days.

When arrested the police found on him a card bearing the exhortation: "Help the blind." One of these kind of fellows tried to play the game at our own house yesterday afternoon, but had to back out on short notice. He came around to the kitchen, and when his knock on the door was answered, he pulled out a card bearing the following: "This man is deaf and dumb. Please give him work, or a few cents. He wants to get home in Pennsylvania. David Curtis." Our son asked him in the sign language if he understood signs, and he shook his head, No, and making the sign for lead pencil and tab. He was asked his name, if he were deaf and dumb, and other questions, but answered all as above. Suddenly, he departed, and made a bee line for the next street. He had applied at the wrong house in playing the deaf and dumb dodge, and will not likely come around this way again soon.

Ben Hur Court No. 7, order by Ben Hur, of Findlay, had a social meeting, the first of this week. Among the entertainers was Mr. P. L. Stevenson. The *Republican* of that city says of his part:

"Prof. P. L. Stevenson then entertained the audience for a quarter of an hour with parlor magic and sleight-of-hand tricks. They were for the most part clever and thoroughly original, and the facility of the performer drew out the surprise and admiration of the audience. He followed this performance with a pantomimic farce entitled 'Doctor and Patient,' which was very humorous. At its close he received prolonged applause, to which he replied with a piece describing the interruption of love by an angry father. He portrayed successfully an elegant dandy, a trusting maid, an interview of which the father is an angry spectator, and the ejection of the lover at the end of the father's nose."

The folders in the state bindery, who have been out of work since October, are all back again, and making up for lost time, except Miss Jennie Stewart, who will come later. She is visiting relatives up in Michigan. One more lady has been added to the force—Miss Mattie Merritt, of this city. Mr. Fred Schwartz, one of the employees in the bindery, had the hardest kind of a time Monday, in keeping back smiles. When asked the cause, the reply came, "I'm a daddy now." The day before Mrs. Schwartz, nee

Maggie Heyl had presented him with an eleven pound baby boy.

The State Board of Charities yesterday afternoon made its annual inspection of the Institution, and found everything in tip top order. Their coming was unknown until their arrival at the door.

Feb. 11, '99. A. B. G.

Their Tin Wedding Day.

Many friends congratulated Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Beach, at Branford, Ct. There was a brilliant reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac P. Beach, of Main Street, Branford, Ct., last Thursday evening. The affair was given to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Beach's marriage. They received a magnificent oak dining table. Mr. Beach, for eleven years, ranked high in Branford building circles as a carpenter. His wife was formerly Miss Grace Wheeler, of Virginia. The Committee consisted of Patrick F. Williams, J. E. Taplin and Willie Sullivan. The former was unable to attend, on account of his mother's death, a few days ago. A large number were present, and an evening of enjoyment was passed. Whist and parlor games followed, and were continued till late in the night, after which a wedding supper was served to the immediate wedding party. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Boynton and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Beach and their family, Mrs. M. Averill, of Branford, Ct., Mr. and Mrs. D. Bartlett, and Miss Annie Shea, of North Guilford, Ct., Mr. Willie Sullivan, of Guilford, Ct., Mr. Charles Fay, of Bridgeport, Ct., Mr. Chauncey L. Roydon and his sister, Sadie, of Milford, Ct., Mr. and Mrs. Leverett G. Leek, Mr. and Mrs. John McCue, Messrs. J. E. Taplin and Fred. Maher, Misses Elsie K. Weis, Annie Murphy, Lena G. Burke and Fannie McQueney, of New Haven, Ct. J. E. F.

WILLIAM E. HOY.

HOW HE TAKES CARE OF HIMSELF DURING THE PLAYING SEASON AND ALSO HOW HE IS SPENDING THE WINTER.

The other day a paragraph appeared in an Eastern paper in which surprise was expressed that Billy Hoy, the fleet-outfielder of the Louisville Club, went through the entire season of 1898 without falling off weak in the latter part of it. Last season is not the first that the clever mute has kept up his winning stride from start to finish. For three seasons in succession Hoy has "stood up" and maintained his winning pace to the wire. Hoy has learned from bitter experience that it does not do to indulge in any kind of exercise in the winter months. The mute player, who is, perhaps, as well off financially as any ball player in the profession, Captain Ewing, Adrain C. Anson, or Roger Connor not barred, has a suite of rooms in the St. Clair, in this city, and is taking it easy.

He does not indulge in exercise of any kind. "I find that absolute rest in the off season does a good deal to prepare me to stand the wear and tear of a long season's campaign," wrote the genial outfielder on the writing pad that he always carries with him. "Rest in the off season, paying strict attention to my stomach, is what helps me through."

"Do you diet yourself?" I asked. During the baseball season I eat very little breakfast and dinner," wrote the mute. "I make it practice to get up from the table hungry at both of these meals. The evening meal is the time I satisfy my appetite and eat all I want."

"Won't you do any work until you report?" I asked. "No, I'll not take any exercise of any kind until it is time to go to training," was the written reply. "I get in shape very quickly during the training season."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Here's the Latest Fish Yarn.

There have been many cases where fishes have been caught in whose capacious maws were found long-missing rings, necklaces, baseball masks, and such like trifles. Once in a great while a thiefing fish is stricken by its conscience into a desire to make restitution. Such a fish was the giant cat which lay watching the shores of an Eastern stream all through the month of April. Many fisherman tried to land him, but he contemptuously refused the most tempting lures until a tall man of striking personal appearance came one day. The big cat leaped from the water and fell at his feet, without waiting for hook and line. The tall man was astounded. On cutting open the fish afterward he discovered a gold eagle which he had lost a year before lying in the fish's stomach. Most wonderful of all, there were, besides, sixty copper cents, one year's legal interest, which the noble fish had yielded up its life in trying to restore. Here is a mark for other piscatorial prevaricators to work up to.—*Sporting Goods Gazette*.

Class-Room Anesthesia.

One of the difficulties in all kind of instruction is to give the pupil a realizing sense of the benefits to be derived from learning. Children too frequently strive to acquire simply because they have to, because they are forced by their parents to go to school and because if they do not make the effort to learn while there, they have to suffer certain penalties that are attached to their neglect. We tell them in vain that in their studies they are placing themselves in the road to every preferment, that they are making themselves better able to meet every necessity of the future, and that they are laying the foundation for that higher intellectual life that shall be a perennial joy to them. Of their industrial work, we tell them that to perfect themselves in it means independence, material comfort, and a competency for themselves and theirs, that Mr. Barton Cheyney and the other authorities who have carefully studied the statistics in such matters, assure us that the advantages of skilled over unskilled labor are threefold, and that their material salvation depends almost wholly on what they now achieve in their work-rooms; and all with what little effect! They too often construe the admonitions as simply schemes to make them content to suffer the ills they have, and much, too much of it, but "goes in one ear to come out the other." With little thought of the bearing their efforts will have upon their future happiness, they plod on. We may make them receive, all unconsciously, what, when they are conscious of it, they are so prone to reject. Medicaments may be so clothed as to be most palatable and yet lose none of their efficacy. School-work and trade-work may be made both enjoyable and profitable if properly presented. It's here that the ingenuity of the teacher is taxed to the utmost, and upon his vigilance in the matter depends the future of the child. Bold, hard didactics are the bane of its life. Cheerful rooms brightened by attractive pictures, teachers full of fire and zeal, willing if necessary to lie awake a little at night, at times, in order to present in as attractive a dress as possible the morrow's task, with not too much discipline but just discipline enough, or better yet, the work made so fascinating as to do away entirely with the necessity for any discipline, and the rest is easy. The child will soon begin to feel, like Glory Quayle, that "there are good times" and to wish to be "in em" and to build for the future with heart and soul.—*Editorial in M. Airy World*.

Pleasing Features at the Eden Musee.

Since its foundation many years ago, no amusement place in New York City has given the public so many and so unique attractions as the Eden Musee. But there has never been a time when the attractions have been so numerous as now. During a short period the Musee has become not only the great waxworks feature of the country, but has also become the permanent home of the Cinematographe and the home of Gypsy classical music. The wax works department contains hundreds and even thousands of wax groups and figures, illustrating important historical scenes, important personages and little bits of jollity from real life.

The Cinematographe gives hourly exhibitions of moving pictures, and as different scenes are shown each time, visitors can see as many of the wonderful pictures as they desire. Some of the series are historical scenes, almost making a trip of the world; others are of a lighter vein bringing in laughable situations, such as domestic quarrels, pranks of small boys, and boat races in which some one is sure to fall into the water; another series represents magical illusions, fairy tales, and the scenes of a supernatural character; choice scenes from the recent war, showing affairs from Tampa to the fall of Santiago, make probably the most interesting and instructive of the moving pictures series. All these pictures are shown every day with the most improved machinery, and accompanied by stage effects, which make the pictures doubly realistic.

Lincoln and the Birds.

At the present time, when the agitation against the slaughter of birds is growing in many States of the Union, the following anecdote which is related of Abraham Lincoln, will be read with interest. The narrator is one who knew Lincoln well, and who, at the time of the incident, was his fellow-traveller. "We passed through a thicket of wild-plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone and inquired: 'Where is Lincoln?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he is hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.'"

FANWOOD.

Of Interest to Old Graduates of Fanwood.

PRINCIPAL CURRIER'S TRIBUTE.

Entranced by Louis Cohen's Narration.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) The following correspondence will be of interest to the friends of the late D. L. L. Peet, as well as to graduates of "Fanwood."

GALLAUDET HOME, WASHINGTON FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1899. MY DEAR FRIEND:—Allow me to say a few words in writing about the school Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet and his father in connection with the New York Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, of which I am proud to have my name enrolled as a graduate. The news of Dr. Peet's unexpected demise reached us through the kindness of Mr. Gallaudet, who was spending his Christmas vacation up this way. It was sad news, coming as it did at the season of the year when there was so much of joy and happiness. The deaf-mutes all over the country have lost a valued and highly esteemed friend. No more will his genial familiar face be seen at this home, in which he had always manifested a warm and sincere interest.

Now let me tell my simple school life story. Upon leaving the Institution at the expiration of eight years, an aunt of mine was desirous that I should receive a higher education. She accordingly applied to Dr. H. P. Peet in my behalf, but he being absent she was told that I could not be promoted until Dr. Peet had seen me. Dr. Peet was in charge. By no means discouraged, the next day, Mrs. Davie took me to the Institution, and had a talk with her, which was most encouraging. She was going into the class, for which I am sure the old gentleman did not regret his kind act. In the Spring of 1887 there was to be an examination of the pupils before the Legislature in Albany. My teacher wanted to have me join the party, but the matron put in an objection, presumably on account of my poor eyesight. Dr. Peet was called into his father's office, where they held a brief consultation. It turned out that I went to the Capital City, took part in the examination, and succeeded. Dr. Peet spared no pains to teach pupils English grammar with the aid of symbols on the black board, and the other branches of study, which included logic, chemistry, book-keeping, natural philosophy, algebra, French grammar, history, and geography, the Bible, and moral science. Philosophy was in progress in the school, and the pupils to the laundry to explain to them the different workings of the machinery. At the recitations our teacher used to ask us questions about the subject, and we had studied the evening before. We were required to give the answers on the fingers, then in sign language. If the pupils who had not been to school, Dr. Peet knew that I was studious, said he and the class would wait all the morning until I came to school. He was not harsh or exacting, but firm and commanded obedience. Of the five hearing gentlemen who taught me while at the New York Institution, Dr. Peet was the best, for he stood par excellence. While the High Class was formed the Board of Directors could not have made a better choice of a teacher, and Dr. Peet was in charge of it. He ably filled the position and with marked success, as can be proved by most of the deaf who had the good fortune to come under his personal instruction. At the close of my school term there was no place for me to go to. Dr. H. Peet seemed to know what would be the result, and he said to me, "I will take you to the home on East 30th Street, New York, where I learned type-setting in the printing office of the *Advocate and Opinion*, which is still the organ of the Institution. As my only teacher, I will book on typography, and no other deaf-mutes were employed in the composing room, you see I had to depend upon my own wits to master the trade, which I did. I never agreed with me admirably, because I have always been fond of reading. I was retained in the home printing office for eight years, after which I worked on the *Scientific American*, the *Evangelist*, the *Church Journal*, the *Christian Leader*, the *Brooklyn Republican*, and a printing office in Brooklyn, where I worked with Bro. and Bros. had their book work done on a combined type. Some time after that Dr. I. L. Peet secured for me the position of a private teacher in the Littlewood school, New York. I am sorry he did not care to learn, for he was bright and wrote a plain hand. He was a little more inclined toward glorification, but to show what sort of man Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet and his eldest son were. To them I owe a debt of gratitude for their kind and encouraging words, and to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who, without which I would in all probability be compelled to pass my life in isolation, and who, by his intercourse with the deaf and deprived of religious services, which are conducted in the beautiful language of signs. I would be much obliged if you can send me a few New York daily papers by mail. It is so hard to find any. Please overlook all mistakes in my poorly composed letter, because I have been unable to read for more than a quarter of a century. I wish you should send me a paper in your noble calling, and hope you will long be spared to remain at the head of the New York Institution, which ranks among the noblest of our country. I am, Sir, all well and manage to ward off the grip. It has been making sad havoc this winter, and claimed many victims. With kind regards to all, I am, Sir, very truly, Yours very truly,

LOUISA A. VAN WART.

MISS LOUISA A. VAN WART, NEW YORK, 30, 1899.

GALLAUDET HOME, WASHINGTON FALLS, N. Y. MY DEAR FRIEND:—I found your letter of January 17 upon my return from a visit of inspection to the schools for the deaf in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, where I found much to encourage me. It will be pleasant for you to know that more is being done for deaf children nowadays, than was possible when you were a school girl. But had it not been for the Gallaudets and Peets, these things could not be. I am especially gratified at your graceful, appreciative expressions concerning my great predecessor, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet. He was my teacher also, and how I have profited by his teachings time alone will show. I will try and send you a New York paper once in a while, and hope that you will always receive the comfort and consolation which must come to those who are faithful. I shall always remember you with pleasure, and shall not fail to tell you have shown gratitude of expression for him whom we all loved.

Very truly yours,

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mrs. John T. Terry and Mrs. Ethan Allen, on Wednesday last. Both ladies were connected with the Ladies' Committee of the Board of Directors of the Institution. Mrs. Terry and her husband first became interested in the Institution, when the male

kindergarten was situated at Tarrytown. Mr. Terry's residence was close to the kindergarten building, and he and his wife were soon drawn into relation with the Institution through their interest in the work. Mrs. Terry was a firm believer in gymnasium work for the girls, and did much toward establishing the gymnasium as a part of the school curriculum for both sexes.

Mrs. Ethan Allen had for a very long time been connected with the Institution. Many gifts of books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., for the library were received from her. She was interested in a cooking class for girls, and before long, she had the satisfaction of seeing one established and the girls making rapid advances in the culinary art. It is a sorrow to us to lose these two good friends, whose services have so long aided and advanced the capacity of the work this Institution has been carrying on.

I quote the above from Principals Currier's afternoon service in the Chapel, in which he touched upon the death of these two ladies who so faithfully served the Institution. At the weekly meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening, the members of the Academic Class rendered a program. President Thomas F. Fox presided.

Mr. Louis A. Cohen gave a reading of "The Coral Cemetery," from Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," and created such a thirst for the book, that a petition has been presented the Librarian to buy two dozen volumes. Miss Gertrude Turner quickly dispelled all thoughts of Jules Verne, by a reading entitled a "Thanksgiving Dinner." It was welcome, for it counteracted the effects of Mr. Cohen's sad narrative, and she made our mouths water by her graphic description of all there was to eat.

Miss Alice Judge assumed the role of Portia, and recited very gracefully "The Merchant of Venice." The jokers, Messrs. Rappolt and Keiser, sent suspender buttons flying around the room. I am told the girls picked two bushels of them Sunday morning.

President Fox made a few brief remarks on the life of Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday Sunday was. This adjourned the meeting.

Messrs. Ellis, Rappholt and Muench went over to the Y. M. C. A. Hall Saturday evening, to see the basket ball game between the 71st Regiment's five and the local team.

"Whew, it's cold!" accompanied by a chattering of teeth and a genuine shiver, is the proper caper at present. Since Wednesday's snowstorm, the mercury has been fooling around the zero mark. Thursday morning, there was a general inclination to stay indoors, hug the warmth of the rooms and write autographs on the frost-blurred window panes. A few of the boys ventured out to sweep off the snow from their rink, but soon returned, in some cases with either fingers, ears, or nose frozen, and then they enjoyed being thawed out. The wind was very strong Thursday afternoon and made the windows rattle like hail on a tin-roof. Friday, it was still cold, Saturday, the various lakes were thrown open to the public. Such of the boys as could obtain leave of absence spent the day at one of the lakes, and came back reporting the ice in very fine condition, and themselves as having enjoyed a good day's sport.

Messrs. Hannon and Orman had a race to decide the championship among the boys at Fanwood but one of the skates of the former became detached before the race was half over. They will race again if the ice holds out a little longer. Orman is credited with a mile in 3.25; Hannon's record is 3.27.

Messrs. Burke and Gaffney, two of our heavy weights, had arranged for a race over the rink, Saturday afternoon. While practicing the two collided with such force, as to knock all the wind out of them. It was nearly five o'clock before they fully recovered, and the race was declared off.

J. H. K.

Being deeply interested in philanthropy and phrenology, Dr. Howe was advised by his friend Dr. Fowler to visit a certain English workhouse which contained an interesting specimen in the person of an old woman, blind, deaf, and crippled. Dr. Howe visited the workhouse, saw the old woman, and wrote his friend an account of her in a letter which was full of professional enthusiasm. This letter Mrs. Howe translated in verse as follows:

Dear sir, I went south
As far as Portsmouth,
And found a most charming old woman,
Delightfully void
Of all that enervated
By the animal vaguely called human.
She has but one jaw,
Has teeth like a saw,
Her ears and her eyes I delight in:
The one could not hear,
The other could not see,
The others are holes with no sight in.
Her chinclip lies
Just over her eyes,
Not far from the bone parietal;
The crown of her head,
Be it vulgarly said,
Is shaped like the back of a beetle.
Destructiveness great
Combines with conceit,
In the form of this wonderful noddle,
But benevolence, you know,
And a large phillory
Give a great inclination to coo.
The good doctor, when shown this, was
inclined to be grieved at his wife's levity.—
Literary Digest.

Woman's Weapon.

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a vagrant curl.
Then consciously she murmured—
"This rosebud newly out—
"I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue,
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered,
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then.
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen,
"Oh! I could name a thousand,"
He cried in accents clear,
"But woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is a tear."
—St. Louis Republic.

HOW DICKEY WON THE PRIZE.

"Really and truly, I should like to turn the backyard into a—"
"Don't want to turn it into anything different from what is now," broke in Jeremy Sellers, querulous-ly.

There was a moment's silence, then Dick resumed, cautiously: "I was thinking it would be a good idea to make a flower garden out there."

"A—a—a what? A flower garden, did you say?" exclaimed Mr. Sellers, aghast. "What ever put that notion into your head?" "This," said Dick, taking from his pocket a folded piece of newspaper which he handed to Mr. Sellers with, "Will you read it, sir?"

"No," said Mr. Sellers. "Don't want to. Read it yourself if you want me to know about your tomfoolery."

Dick took the paper again and read aloud the article to which he called Mr. Sellers' attention.

"Prize of Fifty Dollars—The *Telegram* has been authorized by three representative citizens of the Ninth Ward to offer the above prize of \$50 to the boy or girl in the said Ninth Ward who will cultivate the finest flower garden this summer. Young people participating in the agricultural contest are requested to send their name and addresses to the editor of the *Telegram*. In the latter part of August three gentlemen will visit the gardens personally and decide upon the merits of each. In making the awards the use made of the flowers will be taken into consideration, as well as the skill, taste and energy evinced by the appearance of the garden. Address all communications to agricultural editor, *Telegram* office."

Dick refolded the paper when he ceased reading and glanced at the old gentleman furtively.

"So you think, do you, young sir," said Mr. Sellers, indignantly, "that you are going to work up my backyard and make \$50 out of it for your own use? You haven't a thought for my interests. I suppose you'd see me come out of the little end of the horn and not experience one twinge of regret."

"No, sir," replied Dick. "I surely expected to pay rent for your garden. I haven't any money now, but I thought we could go in to the business in partnership; you furnish the ground and I'll do the work, then when I get the prize we'll divide, half and half."

"When you get the prize," repeated Mr. Sellers. "Hump! How do you know you are going to get it?"

"There's no reason why I should not."

"Well, you're a nervy youngster. I never saw you until this morning. Who are you? Where do you live? What do you do?"

"My name is Dick White. Mother and the children and I live back there in the alley. Our windows overlook your backyard. I work down town in an office, and as I have good hours I'll have time to attend to the flower garden besides."

"Oh, yes, I see," grumbled Mr. Sellers. "Now, sir, how did you happen to hit upon my backyard as a desirable spot for your garden?"

"The e were several reasons. In the first place, it is the only vacant lot in the neighborhood. Then, it is very convenient to my home. Lastly, Mr. Sellers, it really needs an overhauling, and I thought this—"

"Needs an overhauling, does it?" interrupted Mr. Sellers, with increased indignation. "Why does it need an overhauling? What's the matter with it? Ain't it all right as it is?"

"It doesn't look very pleasant," said Dick.

"Why doesn't it look pleasant?" Mr. Sellers demanded.

Dick smiled as he looked out on the vacant plane in the rear of Mr. Sellers' house. It seemed to him that it did not require a particularly discerning eye to find out the cause of the unpleasantness. It was a backyard of extraordinary dimension for that neighborhood, comprising an area of some nine hundred square feet, every inch of which except the brick wall leading back was covered with old tomato cans and broken catsup bottles.

"I never knew until I saw the place," Dick had said to his mother

this morning, "that there were so many old cans and bottles in existence. There must be three million of each out there at very little calculation. It looks as though the entire ward had made the yard a general dumping ground for trash for the last ten years. What puzzles me is how they ever managed to collect it all. If Mr. Sellers and his neighbors had eaten nothing but tomatoes from the day of their birth it doesn't seem possible that they could have emptied all the tins lying out there."

Dick respectfully intimated as much to Mr. Sellers in response to the old gentleman's peremptory command to explain the faults of the backyard.

"So, you came over here to tell me that in neglecting to cultivate my small bit of property I have failed to do my duty to my fellow-man, did you?" he began, testily. "And you're trying to pump around and find out why I allow things to go to rack and ruin, are you? Well, I'll satisfy you. You're an impudent young fellow. Still, if there's a penny to be turned by farming my few feet of earth, I don't know that I have any objections. If you'll promise not to bother me with your farming, and not make too much noise, and not to run in and borrow things from me all the time, I believe I'll accept your proposition. I won't make you pay me any rent in advance, but I want it draw up in black and white that if you do get the prize you are to turn over half the money to me, and if you don't win you are to pay me a reasonable amount anyway, for the use of the lot."

That evening Dick forwarded his name and address to the editor of the *Telegram*, as requested, and was duly enrolled as one of the competitors in the race for the \$50 prize. The next morning before going to the down-town office he began the work of clearing away the rubbish from Mr. Sellers' backyard. That was a greater undertaking than he had supposed it would be, and it took a week of steady work nights and mornings to transfer the tomato cans and catsup bottles from the prospective flower garden to the legitimate dump at the end of the street.

Spading and fertilizing the compact soil required still more diligent labor, and resulted in aching back and shoulders and blistered hands. But Dick toiled enthusiastically on, nothing daunted by the physical hardships he encountered, and at last the beds of dark, pulverized earth, were ready for the reception of the seeds and roots, and the garden was well under way.

If there was a flower garden in all the city that was given more careful attention than Dick White's that summer it would have taken eyes of microscopic keenness to find it. When, in the latter part of July the flowers began to bloom in earnest, the great masses of glorious coloring were ample evidence of the never-tiring devotion that had brought them to such a state of perfection.

"Oi niver saw such a soight in me loife," said the expressman's wife one evening, as she stood on a box in the alley and looked over the fence at the flaming borders of scarlet geraniums, over which Dick was sprinkling the contents of a watering pot.

"They are pretty, aren't they," said Dick with conscious pride.

He sat down the watering pot and let his eyes rest fondly on the various artistic designs of gorgeous beauty. Roses and carnations were blooming there, white and red and pink. Then, the dear old-fashioned garden flowers flourished, too, in riotous abundance—phlox, petunias, marigolds, nasturtiums and sweet lavender, while over the fence and the wall of the livery stable clambered morning glories and Mexican potatoes.

"It's a corner of heaven, itself," replied the woman. "That's phwat me sick Mickey said yisterdy. Oi think Oi'd soon git well if Oi c'd only see Dick's garden," says he.

But it's nary a bit that he could be moved now at all, at all, so all he c'n do is to lay there an' think about it."

"No, it isn't all be can do, Mrs. Malone," said Dick, with ready sympathy. As he spoke his fingers began to move nimbly hither and thither, picking a blossom here and there until he had gathered a large bouquet of the flowers that Mickey loved.

"Here, Mrs. Malone, take these to Mickey," he said, "and when they are withered come and get some fresh ones."

"May hiven bless yez now an' forever," said Mrs. Malone, fervently.

That was the beginning of the flower charity. Everybody for blocks around the narrow alley had seen and admired Dick White's garden, and after the voluntary gift to Mickey Malone there was not a person in the neighborhood who was maimed or ailing, who was not daily gladdened with an offering from the fount of beauty. Every morning too, before breakfast, Dick knocked on Mr. Seller's door and handed the serving woman a small bouquet to be placed at the master's plate. Mr. Sellers, himself, Dick never saw. It seemed that the only glimpses the old gentleman ever

caught of the wealth or brightness in his backyard was the table decoration which Dick sent in each morning, for the shutters of the back of the house were kept tightly closed after Dick's interview with him, and the maid affirmed that he spent all his time at the front windows in those days.

By the time the judges came around to see the gardens of the young competitors, Dick's flower beds had been pretty well despoiled of their glory, and the judges, while praising the unique artistic designs in which the flowers had been planted, failed to see much beauty in leaves and broken-off stalks and gave the prize to somebody in the other end of the ward.

Early in the day when the decision was made public, Mr. Sellers went stumping around to the cottage where Mrs. White and her children lived. Dick was just eating his breakfast and had not been the morning *Telegram* a copy of which Mr. Sellers carried in his hand.

"Well, sir," said that irate individual, "I see you've failed to get the prize and I want to know how I'm going to get the rent."

Dick gulped down a great lump of grief and looked at his mother and sisters helplessly.

"Oh, Dick," sighed little Molly, "how unjust."

"Nothing unjust about it," cried Mr. Sellers. "If this young fellow had possessed ordinary business ability and had kept his garden intact, and made arrangement for selling his best flowers instead of giving them all away to paupers, doubtless he would have been awarded the \$50. But he didn't get it, and things being as they are, I want to be secured for my rent. You'd better see to that at once."

and with another sharp look at Dick, the old gentleman stalked out of the room as unceremoniously as he had come.

The next morning when Dick opened the *Telegram*, which some strange boy had left at his door, his eyes fell at once on a communication which headed, "Open Letter." It was as follows:

"In awarding the prize in the recent flower garden contest the decision was undoubtedly just, but in the name of that same justice, there is one boy to whom honorable mention should be given in his connection. I refer to Richard White. His garden when seen by the judges was certainly not the fairest, but the use to which the flowers had been put were so beneficent and kindly that their odor ascends clear to heaven. They have cheered the sick, decked the bride, and gone down into the grave with the dead. More than all else, they have brought about a resurrection. They, and the kindness of the boy farmer have broken the crust of selfishness from an old man's heart and have made him realize the joy and usefulness of living and loving. In view of all that, let not Richard White's garden be forgotten."

"JEREMY SELLERS."

"Mr. Sellers," gasped Dick. Then, like a flash he was running up the brick walk from the alley and pounding on Mr. Sellers' back door. The maid servant admitted him and an instant later he found himself in the presence of Mr. Sellers.

"Mr. Sellers," he stammered, "I thank you. You were very kind to write that letter. I'm afraid I don't deserve it. I don't mind, now, about losing the prize, and I'll be willing to pay you any amount of rent."

Mr. Sellers drew a long breath and rubbed his eyes hard.

"Rent," said he. "Bah! What do you suppose I'm made of? And as to a prize, why, you young scapegrace, there is more money in the bank to the credit of a certain boy whom I know, than those other folks have ever thought about."

Then Dick and Mr. Sellers shook hands and laughed in unison.—*Chicago Record.*

America's Butter King.

John Newman, the newly-elected president of the Elgin (Ill.) Board of Trade, the body which dominates the greatest butter-making center in the world, began his business life as a clerk in Potter Palmer's general store in Chicago, on a salary of \$3 a week. He was then a spry little Englishman, with a funny little coat. He now has 2,250 farms in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, the product of which goes into the cows to make the milk that Newman needs. He skims the cream from an average of 500,000 quarts a day. It makes him the butter king of the country.

Mr. Newman pulled himself to the top in the way the good books for children say any ambitious young man can do. He was born in Bishop-Stortford. There were eight boys in the family—enough to cause a labor panic had they all applied for work at once. The later generations of English sons had mostly been forced to seek their fortunes either in the colonies or America. There was no prospect in the little hamlet even for the best of men, but at 14 he was apprenticed to a draper for three years—no pay the first year but his keep, a very little more the second year and about the same the third. It was going along this way when the young man took the advice of his Chicago aunt, Mrs. Robert Pinkerton, and sailed for the new country. The voyage was so rough and the memories of it are so disturbing, that Mr. Newman has resolved that he will never see the dear old scenes of his childhood

until Sandy Hook and Land's End shall be connected by a bridge.

Mrs. Robert Pinkerton and the lad reach Chicago on a bright October Saturday morning, 1859.

This does not go back to the earliest settlers. The city had started toward fame and importance. The center of the business section was in the region of Randolph and Lake streets. The big houses of the day were Ross & Foster and Potter Palmer, and the rivalry between the two created a floodtide upon which the English clerk quickly launched his boat. He lost no time in getting to work, applying to Mr. Palmer for a position in the cloth department on the afternoon of his arrival in the city. He was located the next Monday morning, and at the end of the week received his \$3, which he paid toward board and room for the seven days, leaving a deficit of 50 cents on the landlord's ledger. It seemed to him he was getting on backward.

A change came soon. It became evident that his training during his apprenticeship had given him knack and tact above the average of the clerks in the big shop. His skill took him into important places, first with one firm and then with the other. Mr. Palmer went to New York on a buying trip one fall, and during his absence Ross & Foster offered him more money. Mr. Newman moved. Mr. Palmer raised the rival's wages upon his return and he moved again. He saw-sawed back and forth for some time, but always discontented because he did not get an opportunity to own a business of his own. His eye was always open for a chance.

When the Crosby Opera House was to be opened, he made application for the management of all the miscellaneous details in front of the footlights. There were 1,300 applications for the place, so Mr. Crosby abruptly told the young man with the funny little coat. He replied that he was willing to be the thirteen hundred and first. The letters he presented from the men he knew made his number the lucky one. He hired the doorkeepers, ran the ushers and programmes—came to own 125 pairs of opera glasses, which he rented—the first real business of his own.

Mr. Newman first went into Elgin on the way to visit the Pinkerton boys, who lived on a farm near Dundee. This was about the close of the rebellion. There was likely to be a slump in prices, and men in business were quite as ready to sell for cash as to hold on. The famous country store in Elgin at the time was on one of the five corners about the center circle. It was owned by M. & J. McNeil, who decided to turn over the property for Mr. Newman's ready money. The sign was changed in 1865. It never came down until a few days ago. It was burned off twice, but each time M. Newman brought out a new stock within two days after the fires had left him hardly anything but ashes. The sign was taken down because M. Newman's aggregate cow has assumed such enormous proportions that it takes all his time and the time of many others to take care of it.

Mr. Newman's first aggregate cow was composed, possibly, of twenty individuals. They gave enough milk to run a little factory, for which a little spring brook turned the wheel that drove the churn.

The cow began to grow. It drew in to its composite hide the aristocrats of the immediate Elgin district—proud animals that drink nothing but warm water in the winter and live on clover blossoms in the summer and cooked food in the cold weather. It grew to include the old-fashioned brindle cow of the careless farmer who thinks that all that looks like milk is milk. It has expanded until it is seventy miles long from end to end—a solid, mottled procession of milkers whose single file would reach from Elgin to Freeport. This animal is certainly longer and more curious than anything described in ancient or modern literature.

This aggregate cow now has 55,000 members in its make up, with large numbers of representatives in 52 towns. There is hustle and excitement in 2,250 farm-houses each morning at daytime, as the force of dairy maids—consisting of two-first-ed men who have learned the trade—go forth with big tin buckets to gather the crop from the herd. The milk is put into great cans, and long before the whistle sounds for the city workman to march to his shop, this army of dairy farmers is rattling over the country roads bound for one of the 52 factories which Newman built or bought, starting in America on the \$3 a week salary, which Potter Palmer paid.

The lines of wagons form in single file at the in-take doors and the contents of 14,600 cans, about two-thirds of the amount which Joseph Leiter found was consumed in Chicago each day, are poured into 52 vats, from which machines whirl off the cream in steady streams, rejecting the blue remnant with twice the accuracy of a woman with a spoon.

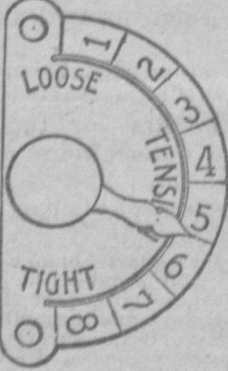
Mr. Newman does not buy milk like the city householder, who takes water and all in a quart. A man in each of the factories who has learned the scientific process takes

from each can each day a sample, which is put into a bottle, bearing the patron's name. The aggregate samples of a week are tested for the percentage of butter fat—cream. It has been figured, and this proportion may not exactly accurate, but it serves as an illustration, that 100 pounds of the richest milk from the best sort of cows produces five pounds of butter. The farmer who sets warm water before his herd in the winter and feeds with more care than he gives the supplies of his own table, and pays as much for each of his milkers as he would for a fine horse, frequently has his milk test up to the figure used as a basis. The slipshod farmer's contribution, for instance, may not test over two poun's of cream to the 100 pounds of milk. It thus happens that the semi-monthly checks covering exactly the same quantity of milk are widely divergent. Mr. Newman wants the cream, not the water. His system which is now being quite generally adopted, has been one of the great factors in making the Elgin district the famous butter country in the world—a fame which puts its product on sale in many of the large cities of England.

There are many other Elgin men with smaller strings of creameries operating in about the same territory, and the panic through which the country and the farmer have recently passed had barely any effect on the thousands upon thousands of the wise tillers of the soil whose crops of acres are devoted to the cow. Butter is a necessity which is last dropped when rigid economy is necessary. The factory men must supply the demand. The amount of milk necessary to meet the butter demand does not diminish. The farmer hauls as much in hard times as in easy, his only risk being the possible necessity of a change from a little factory to which he may have been enticed by a promise of a few cents more pay, only to find he is to get no pay at all. It is an axiom among traveling men that the towns surrounded by dairy farms have the most ready money at all times, on the simple theory that the farmer gets his cash for his products either once or twice a month, while the cereal farmer has practically but one market time each year, with his money in a lump, which he does spend. A bill in a milk town is as good as gold, barring the regular percentage of people who never pay whether they can or not.

The Newman aggregate farm for cows contains about 250,000 acres, from which the patron saint of this immense tract receives the milk that makes between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 pounds of butter a year. This bulk is entirely beyond the comprehension of the average man, whose cake usually weighs a pound, or the average city bachelor, who thinks the butter comes to his restaurant in blocks as big as checkers. A stack of the tubs would build a high fence around the great pyramid. A day's output would spread a slice of bread as big as the area of Cook county—and spread it good and thick. A year's output spread such a bewildering slice that that it is little wonder that Mr Newman has been elected president of the other Elgin butter-makers associated in the Elgin Board of Trade. He has served upon many important committees, and appointed the one which recently remodeled the system of quotations. These quotations are made each Monday. Upon the figures sent out, Elgin butter is sold for that week at home, abroad and over the sea.

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